Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 618. BOSTON, SATURDAY, DEC. 10, 1864. VOL. XXIV. No. 19.

Shakespeare in his relation to Music.

A Lecture delivered on the 23rd April, 1864. before the "Berliner Tonkünstler-Verein.

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(Concluded from page 323.)

Let us consider his dramas a little more nearly, in their relation to this circumstance. It is but right that we should begin with the the Kings. In *Richard II.* we suddenly hear music in the midst of the most painfully minute monologue which the king, tired of life and bowed down by misfortune and his own errors, speaks in the solitude of his prison :

"Music do I hear?
Ha, ha! keep time: how sour sweet music is,
When time is broke, and no proportion kept!
So is it in the music of men's lives.
And here have I the daintiness of ear,
To check time broke in a disorder'd string;
But, for the concord of my state and time,
Had not an ear to hear my true time broke."

And further on he says:

"This music mads me, let it sound no more;
For though it have holpe madmen to their wits,
In me it seems it will make wise men mad.
Yet blessing on his heart that gives it me!
For 'tis a sign of *love*: and *love* to *Richard*
Is a strange brooch in this all-hating world!"

It would be superfluous to add a single word to the profundity, the wonderful similes, or the last touching observations here in relation to music. We would merely direct attention to the fact that scarcely ever, probably, were tones called upon to play so important a part as on this occasion, where they are made to interrupt one of the most philosophical monologues possible, and and give so new and deeply touching a turn to its course. Another wonderful place does Shakespeare assign to music in the Second Part of *Henry IV.* The dying king says to the princes and lords around him :—

"I pray you, take me up and bear me hence,
Into some other chamber; softly, pray.
(*They convey the king into an inner part of the room, and place him upon a bed.*)
Let there be no noise made, my gentle friends,
Unless some dull and favorable hand
Will whisper music to my weary spirit.
WARWICK—Call for the music in the other room.
KING HENRY—Set me the crown upon my pillow here."

What deep feeling is exhibited in the fact that the departing spirit of the ruler, who, all through his life, has been combating, full of disquiet, for his crown, should at last, in a strong contrast to the monarch's previous stormy career, desire nothing more than gentle tones to entice it, yearning for rest, over an invisible bridge, to the long sleep leading to a blissful waking, if not to eternal oblivion. With what a saucy play upon musical expressions, forming a strong contrast to the above, do we meet in *Romeo and Juliet*:—

"TYBALT.—Mercutio, thou consort'st with Romeo.
"MERCUTIO—Consort! What, dost thou make us minstrels? an thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but discords; here's my fiddlestick; here's that shall make you dance. Zounds! Consort!"

And, when Mrs. Ford says of Falstaff's words: "They do no more keep place together than the Hundreth Psalm to the tune of *Green Sleeves*," does it not seem as if Shakespeare was acquainted with modern Italian opera, and the want of connection between dramatic situation and musical expression, or the Mosaic-like work of certain other musical productions, in which the most contrary things are placed in closest juxta-position?—Hamlet's speech to Rosenkrantz and Guildenstern, like a hundred similar passages, exhibits Shakespeare as a proficient in musical manual skill, and other branches of the art. Be it observed that we quite leave out of consideration the high tone of genius manifested in the similes :—

"HAM. Will you play upon this pipe?" &c.

As it may be said that the whole of Shakespeare is filled and permeated with music, it would lead us too far were we to go into details. I will limit myself to a few important specimens.

Falstaff says of the lean Justice of the Peace, Shallow: "The case of a treble hautboy were a mansion for him, a court." (Here we have a glimpse of Shakespeare's possessing a particular knowledge of separate intruments.) On another occasion, Fallstaff says: "'Sblood, I am as melancholy as a gib cat, or a lugged bear.—*Prince Hen.* Or an old lion; or a lover's lute.—*Fals.* Yea, or the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe." —This is a proof that Shakespeare did not entertain less repugnance than any of us for the music played at fairs or ground upon organs, and of which I, at least feel such a horror. Song and music play a wonderfully spirited part in that scene of *Twelfth Night* where Sir Toby, Sir Andrew and the Clown, in their cups, horrify all ears. "*Sir To.* Shall we raise the night owl in a catch that will draw three souls out of one weaver? Shall we do that?—*Sir And.* An' you love me, let's do it; I am a dog at a catch." And further on: "*Malvolio.* My masters, are you mad? or what are you? Have you no wit, manners nor honesty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? Do ye make an ale house of my lady's house, that ye 'squeak out your coziers' catches without any mitigation or remorse of voice! Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time in you?—*Sir To.* We did keep time sir, in our catches. Sneck up."—But Shakespeare has also assigned an elevated position to music in this same piece of *Twelfth Night.* Never, perhaps, has the close affinity of music with everything in the shape of love and amorous melancholy been more touchingly depicted than when the Duke says to his Musicians :

"If music be the food of love, play on;
Give me excess of it; that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.—
That strain again; it had a dying fall:
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet South,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour."

Or:

"Give me some music . . . . .
. . . . . that piece of song,
That old and antique song we heard last night;
Methought it did relieve my passion much,
More than light airs and recollected terms
Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times."

Music plays an exceedingly important part in *Cymbeline.* The loutish Cloten says to the Musicians who are about to serenade the fair Imogen: "Come on, tune: if you can penetrate her with your fingering, so; . . . . First a very excellent concerted thing: after, a wonderful sweet air, with admirable rich words to it, and then let her consider." This is followed by the charming song:

"Hark! hark! the lark at Heaven's gate sings."

which Franz Schubert set to music. Cloten then continues: "So, get you gone; if this penetrate, I will consider your music the better; if it do not, it is a vice in her ears, which horse-hairs and catguts, nor the voice of unpaved eunuch to boot can never amend." Fidele's death is announced by solemn music from the cave of Belarius. Subsequently, the two royal youths propose to sing a requiem for the beautiful departed one.

"ARVIRAGUS—And let us, Polydore, though now our voices
Have got the mannish crack, sing him to the ground.
GUIDERIUS—I cannot sing; I'll weep and word it with thee:
For notes of sorrow, out of tune, are worse
Than priests and fanes that lie."

The spirits that appear to Posthumus are, also, announced with "Solemn Music," and take part in a song.—In *Lear*, Cordelia has her father awakened—after she has found him again—with gentle sounds, because the Physician has so ordered, in order to

"Cure this great breach in his abused nature!

and to "wind up" "the untuned and jarring senses. In *Othello*, Desdemona breathes forth her anxious presentiments in the "Song of the Willow," which her mother's maid sang when her lover left her.

"An old thing 'twas, but it expressed her fortune,
And she died singing it: that song, to-night,
Will not go from my mind."

In *Macbeth*, the three scenes of the witches are accompanied with singing and dancing. The eight kings who pass in the vision before Macbeth, are made by Shakespeare to appear to the sound of "Hautboys." By this, he evidently wishes to imply that all he desires is the soft and spiritual sound of wooden wind instruments. It is, by the way, very remarkable how Shakespeare characterizes the various situations in his works by his simple directions as to the instruments. Thus, at the banquet given by Wolsey to the King and the beautiful Anna Boleyne, and at which joking love and tenderness play so important a part, there is again a stage direction for the employment of "hautboys." For grand actions of state, on the contrary, for processions and so forth, as well as for the solemn entries of generals and kings, we regularly have "trumpets," or a "flourish." In *Hamlet*, Polonius says to Reynaldo, whom he sends to his son,

"And let him ply his music."

Tune lightens up the touching madness of Ophelia, and it is scarcely possible to conceive anything more touching than the description of her death in the stream :

"Her clothes spread wide;
And, mermaid-like, awhile they bore her up;
Which time she chanted snatches of old tunes;
As one incapable of her own distress,
Or like a creature native and indued
Unto that element; but long it could not be,
Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,
Pulled the poor wretch from her melodious lay
To muddy death."

The manner too is significant in which music is mentioned in the *Taming of the Shrew* :—

"HORTENSIO—But, wrangling pedant, this is
The patroness of heavenly harmony:
Then give me leave to have prerogative;
And when in music we have spent an hour,
Your lecture shall have leisure for as much.
"LUCENTIO—Preposterous ass! that never read so far
To know the cause why music was ordained!
Was it not to refresh the mind of man,
After his studies or his usual pain?
Then give me leave to read philosophy,
And, while I pause, serve in your harmony."

In *Much ado about Nothing*, Benedick says, while Balthazar is playing, "Now, *Divine air!* how is his soul ravished! Is it not strange that sheep's guts should hale souls out of men's bodies? Well, a horn for any money, when all's done." And when the fool has sung, and been overwhelmed with praise by the others, Benedick suddenly exclaims, as we ourselves should sometimes like to do in the society of amateurs: "An he had been a dog that should have howled thus, they would have hanged him!"—In his *As You Like It*, where song succeeds song, the eccentric Jacques says to Amiens, when the latter has finished singing: "More, more, I pr'y thee more.—*Ami.* it will make you melancholy, Monsieur Jacques. —*Jacq.* I thank it. More, I pr'y thee more. I can suck melancholy out of a song, as a weasel sucks eggs. More, I pr'y thee, more." On another occasion, this same Jacques observes: "I have neither the scholastic melancholy, which is emulation, nor the musician's, which is fantastical." The singing Page in the same piece says: "Shall we clap into it roundly, without hawking, or spitting, or saying we are hoarse; which are

the only prologues to a bad voice?—We will allude merely in the most cursory manner to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and its fairy dances, which Mendelssohn so re-poetized, in a manner as gentle as it was cleverly musical; to the *Winter's Tale*, and the songs of the rogue, Autolycus, the Shepherd's dances, and the awakening into life, accompanied with music, of the wonderful statue of Hermione; as well as to the varied effects of music, in *The Tempest*, of which effects Shakespeare himself makes the most appropriate remark that can be made, when Caliban exclaims:—

"The isle is full of noises,
Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight and hurt not.
Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments
Will hum about mine ears, and sometimes voices,
That if I then had waked after a long sleep,
Would make me sleep again."

Lastly, I cannot suppress something Shakespeare says about us musicians, though it is not over-flattering, for it proves at any rate that the great poet knew people like us. In the First Part of *Henry IV.* Hotspur, wishing to excuse the fickle and changeable Glendower, says to his wife:

"And 'tis no marvel he's so humorous,
By'r Lady, he's a good musician."

To which Lady Percy replies; "Then should you be nothing but musical, for you are altogether governed by humors."

But this must suffice. We should fill a book if we continued as we have begun. So much, I am bold enough to hope, has already become clear to you all, namely, that as regards the innermost tones of the heart, a profound intelligence and appreciation of the effects and of the significance of music, or finally, most undoubted musical knowledge, and the practical attainments belonging to it, no other poet is to be compared with Shakespeare. This is the most important, because in Shakespeare's time, music was in a very backward state everywhere, especially in England, and was limited to spheres very foreign to the great mass of the public, or existed only in national songs. To this must be added that the English are one of the most unmusical, and most musically-unproductive nations in the world.

The most striking musical personage among Shakespeare's contemporary countrymen was William Bird (1546-1623), Court Composer and organist to Queen Elizabeth of England. He wrote a number of masses, graduales, madrigals, very learned contrapuntally for that period, but not suited for our present taste. I do not think that such music, stiff and ossified into a system, could have inspired Shakespeare, supposing he took any notice of it, with a high idea of music as an *art*. A greater influence appears to have been exerted upon him by a certain virtuosity then pretty general in England, as is proved by the third of his *Sonnets*, in which he mentions very favorably the lute-player Dowland, 1562-1615. Among the musicians, besides Dowland, of that time, with whom we are acquainted were: a John Jenkins, from the county of Kent, 1592-1678, a virtuoso on the bass-viol and violoncello, and a John Bull, 1563-1622, probably organist at Oxford. Compositions undoubtedly genuine, shown me in England, and written for songs in his pieces, by contemporaries of Shakespeare, who are still nearly altogether unknown, furnished additional evidence how small were the pretensions of English music in the sixteenth century.

It was only by the magic power of poetic *divination*, therefore, that Shakespeare could penetrate so far as to the very core of an art of which only the beginnings were known to him. But the wonderful element in poetic divination consists precisely in the fact that such divination requires only the slightest impulse or hold to go to the very root of a thing. While on this part of the subject, I must not forget to state that in the old English national song, which like national songs generally, is the real expression of the inward life of a nation, Shakespeare found such a hold. Several of the passages already quoted by me suggest this, for in them Shakespeare condemns artificial and pretentious music, praising, on the other hand, those old and simple melodies which find their way direct to the heart.

I will now with your permission, conclude by quoting a few passages from *The Merchant of Venice*, the *most musical*, probably of all Shakespeare's dramas.

Bassanio has to choose from three caskets, one only of which contains his mistress's portrait and ensures the possession of her hand. Portia, whose fate is trembling in the balance, and who would fain direct in his selection the man she loves, says:

"Let music sound, while he doth make his choice;
Then, if he lose, he makes a swan-like end
Fading in music: that the comparison
May stand more proper, my eye shall be the stream,
And wat'ry death-bed for him: he may win;
And what is music then? then music is
Even as the flourish when true subjects bow
To a new-crown'd monarch: such it is,
As are those dulcet sounds in break of day
That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear,
And summon him to marriage."

The last scenes of this wondrous play contain much more music, derived from the situation, and from what is said of the effects of the art, than from its absolute introduction, according to the stage directions, in various portions of the dialogue. We must read these scenes *in connection with each other*, if we would obtain an adequate idea of them, and of Shakespeare's profoundly musical spirit. We can here only refer to them:

"LORENZO—How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears; soft stillness and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica: Look, how the floor of Heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold;
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins:
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But, while this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it."

"JESSICA—I am never merry, when I hear sweet music.

LORENZO—The reason is, your spirits are attentive:
For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,
Which is the hot condition of their blood;
If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,
Or any air of music touch their ears,
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,
Their savage eyes turned to a modest gaze,
By the sweet power of music: therefore, the poet
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones and floods;
Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage,
But music for the time doth change his nature."

Both Portia and Nerissa appear in the same moonlight scene:

"PORTIA— Music! hark!

NERISSA—It is your music, Madam of the house.

PORTIA—Nothing is good, I see, without respect;
Methinks it sounds much sweeter than by day.

NERISSA—Silence bestows that virtue on it, Madam.

PORTIA—The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark,
When neither is attended; and, I think,
The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
When every goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a musician than the wren.
How many things by season season'd are
To their right praise and true perfection!"

We take our farewell of the poet in the celebrated words—the most magnificent, perhaps, ever yet uttered concerning music—with which Lorenzo concludes his eulogy on our art:

"The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus;
Let no such man be trusted!"

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Beethoven's "Sonate Pathetique,"

AS A PIECE FOR PUPILS.

[Concluded from page 347.]

The first movement of our Sonata, in addition to these three divisions, contains an introduction, parts of which in the course of the movement, and immediately before its close, re-appear. This introduction fitly announces the spirit and tendency of the whole work. What can be more pathetic, more earnest, more solemn, than the motive contained in the very first measure? This motive, having thus with becoming power made its appearance four times in succession, each time with increased emphasis, assumes a more melodious, but decidedly plaintive character; and, though twice admonished by a very energetic, very powerful protest from the lower regions (at the end of the 5th and 6th measures), goes wandering about, more and more plaintive, timid and irresolute, till finally it vents itself in a wail down the chromatic scale, and remains suspended on the minor ninth, from which it leads over to the movement proper, slightly touching in its passage the natural third. Take care, pianists, not to perform this introduction in too fast a tempo; a mistake too frequently made. The time is indicated by *Grave*; hence, very slow, grave, heavy. But in the stormy *Allegro di molto e con brio*, now following, you may let the reins loose and dash along as fast as your fingers will bear you; of course with continual regard to distinctness, especially with the entrance of the second main subject, (41st measure, 4th page, Ditson's edition). This subject is one of Beethoven's most original thoughts; from its marked, eloquent rhythm it contrasts admirably with the hasty, restless character of the first main subject. It makes its entrance in E flat minor, and descends a few measures later to D flat major. It reminds one of a conversation or dispute between two persons, male and female, which dispute is gloriously ended in the beautiful cadence preceding the rapid chord passage beginning in the 16th measure on the 5th page. On this quick passage follows a running figure of much sweetness and gracefulness (20th measure before the close of the first part), consisting of only four measures, appearing twice in succession, the second time somewhat reinforced. The bass underlying this passage is simple, the modulation not uncommon; yet, both appear new and fresh. Let the lowest bass note fill out the whole measure every time, as it gently falls a third, and have a slight accentuation,—a distinction to which it is well entitled on acount of its, so to speak, melodic aspiration. After this, the restless, passionate first main subject breaks forth again, till it stops with full force on a *fermata* over the chord of the dominant-seventh; and thus ends the first part. But there is no actual close, for the tendency of this chord is to lead us back to the beginning of the Allegro to witness the same spectacle once more.

The second time, the closing dominant-seventh chord rests on D, instead of G, and leads over to the second part, which begins with four of those slow, majestic measures that opened the introduction. Here, however, they appear in G minor; at the close of the third measure, an enharmonic transition takes place, so as to prepare the key of E minor, in which the quick, stormy first subject makes its appearance again to begin the struggle anew. But its hasty onset is several times softened by reminiscences of the pathetic introduction (for instance, 4th and 5th measures of the Allegro resumed). Of a peculiar effect is the deep, murmuring passage beginning with the 31st measure; again with the 1st measure of the 7th page. It is followed both times by the inevitable first subject, which, with a desperate effort, runs up to the highest pitch, whence the second time it cannot get loose, all the while screaming, trilling. The whole rests on a pedal bass or, as it is called in German, organ-point. It comes abruptly to an end with a sharp, shrill crash (13th measure, 7th page), from out of which leaps a solitary figure, running about all alone, wailing and whining, lower and lower, apparently afraid of being thus left to fight its way through, till finally it takes refuge in the bass, on the great C, and contentedly murmurs along, with the ever-ready first main-subject above it, as in the beginning. At the same time the third part of the movement has commenced (21st measure, 7th page). This part, as is the custom, in the main is like the first; still, its tints, so to speak, are much darker. Here, all is minor, illumined by hardly one solitary ray of major. The eloquent second main theme appears in F minor (1st measure, 8th page) and then turns to C minor (13th measure, 8th page). It has lost some of its former energy; its expression is more plaintive than before. All that follows has the same melancholy character. Shortly before the close, in the midst of the tumult just renewed, those slow, grave measures

from the introduction appear for the third time, as if to allay the storm. But the restless, turbulent spirit of the movement is not yet curbed; it must needs vent itself once more, if only for a short while. A few violent crashes, and its rapid course is finished. The closing chord is precisely the same, even in the same position, as in the beginning of the introduction. The whole movement is a master-piece of musical poetry. We find in it the greatest variety combined with the closest unity. All its details wonderfully contribute to give it that peculiar expression, which, after all, is better felt than described.

The second or middle movement, *Adagio cantabile*, in A flat major, may be called a sacred song without words. Its entrance, after the fiery Allegro, is most gratifying. It occupies four pages, and yet, when analyzed, shows the simplest structure imaginable; and also shows how little material is required in the hands of a master to work up a piece of considerable length. A plain melody of eight measures, breathing peace and consolation, fills up the greater part of the movement. After appearing twice in succession, first in the lower, then in the higher octave, it makes room for a second strain of a more passionate character (17th measure), which begins in F minor and closes in E-flat major (23d measure). This is followed by a few melodic fragments of a most characteristic expression, very low, like the heavings of a mind oppressed. In their downward tendency they soon reach the same old calm, consoling melody, which now appears for the third time. The field is then given up to the rule of a plaintive and somewhat restless motive in A flat minor (14th measure, 11th page), responded to by a still livelier figure in the bass. The two go on with their interesting dialogue, when all at once the treble, as if to show its superiority over the talkative bass, escapes high up into the (seemingly) distant key of E major (1st measure, 12th page), leaving its companion far beneath it in the dark, and shouting out its heroic strain in a clear, penetrating voice. But this was only sport; it soon descends and joins the bass again. They continue their former theme (4th measure, 12th page), which gains more interest from being in the new, fresh key just mentioned. The bass, however, does not seem to feel quite at ease here, for it suddenly begins to scold, as it were, in a low, unmelodious *staccato* passage, based on that everywhere-at-home diminished-seventh chord (7th measure, 12th page), while the treble looks on, or rather, listens, apparently amazed at the strange demeanor of its grave companion; and, unable to move, it remains transfixed on the same note, till, at length, it ventures to descend half a step lower, when it is relieved by the timely re-appearance of the principal melody. The latter appears here in all its glory, with an accompaniment fuller and richer than before; the bass comes in once more with the above *staccato* passage (5th measure, 13th page), but in a more amiable manner. We have the principal melody now for the fourth and fifth time; yet, to whom did it ever appear monotonous? A short *coda* finishes the movement, which ends in the same quiet mood, in the same low, subdued tones as it commenced.

Beethoven's novel and superior treatment of the piano-forte, it is often said, in comparison with Haydn, Mozart and others of his predecessors and contemporaries, is partly manifest in his frequently using the bass, or rather tenor, for melodies and melodic figures. But this is quite natural, if we remember how much deeper, fuller, more expressive his strains are, for which the lower and middle regions of the instrument, being the most sonorous and sympathetic, are just the right medium. We have in our *Adagio cantabile* an example. Compare the two different positions of the leading melody as it appears in the beginning, first in the lower, next in the higher octave, and judge, which suits its character best. Again, those very expressive melodic fragments, beginning in the middle of the 23d measure, mentioned before:—play them an octave higher, and observe how the expression is gone.

Before taking leave of this movement, let us briefly notice its structure, which, as intimated, is very simple. Divided in the usual manner of a first, second (or middle), and third part, the three divisions are plainly visible: namely, the 1st closes with the third eighth, or quaver, of the 13th measure on the 11th page; the 2nd, with the end of the 9th measure (connecting with the third part) on the 12th page; the 3d runs to the end. The first is taken up by the principal subject, including the short melody and bits of a melody following it; the second by the motive in A flat minor, as indicated above; the third again by the principal melody, including the *coda*. The first moves (mainly) in A-flat major, the second in A-flat minor, the third again in A-flat major.

The stormy character of the first movement, relieved for a while by the timely appearance of the tranquillizing Adagio, resumes control, though somewhat softened, in the third and closing movement, called *Rondo*. This movement forms a picture of the most varied contrasts; of the soft and the powerful, the tender and the angry, the petulant and the grave; in short, it reflects almost all moods and passions which the language of tones is able to express. But however great the variety, there is one spirit pervading, or rather ruling throughout—like the first and second movements, and, accordingly the entire work—which tempers all and renders it a perfect whole. The movement is also technically a welcome task for pianists; there is much opportunity for the accomplished performer to show his powers of execution, and as much opportunity for the unfinished player to improve. As we have seen, it is a Rondo; the chief part of it, therefore, is a fully developed, lively melody, which continually reappears, (so to speak, makes its *round*, according to the length of the piece more or less frequently,—hence *rondo*), and to which all the rest is subordinate; for, with whatever importance this or that phrase besides may make its appearance, its end will always be to hasten to meet and make room for this leading melody In the present case this melody is as broad and fully developed as is possible; so that one at once becomes aware there can be no increase to it at its reappearance afterwards. It is a perfect whole in itself, with as perfect a close as might do for the end of a piece. Observe how it labors to impress upon us the fact that it belongs to the key of C minor, how it lingers, how it revels, as it were, in the atmosphere of this key! No wonder, then, that it closes in it and thus leaves the impression as if nothing were to follow (17th measure). But a heavy crash with the full chord of the dominant-seventh, made all the more piquant by the seventh's being in the bass, leading to F minor, announces that something new is to follow. But, this is not the right ground yet; therefore, another crash, and we are led to E-flat major, the lovely companion to C minor.

The sweet melody following comes to a semi-close 1st measure, 15th page), when it changes to a figure in triplets, of a restless, hasty character, which now assumes sway, till, having climbed up to the high F (4th measure from below, 15th page), it pauses a moment, dashes down the scale with precipitate haste, and stops on the third of the dominant-seventh chord. The melody, with the figure annexed to it, just described, reappears afterwards in C major (6th measure, 18th page), filling up, next to the leading subject, the greatest part of the movement, and thereby assuming so much importance as to be entitled to be called the second leading, or second main subject. But first we have to notice the new entrance of the spirited principal melody, which again, as in the beginning, closes with repeated emphasis (17th measure, 16th page). Now follows a remarkable phrase in the shape of a choral-like strain, in A-flat major, of only four measures, which undergo numerous inversions, always retaining their solemn expression. The first sixteen measures decidedly remind one of a piece of sacred music, while the cæsura or close in the dominant, at the end of every fourth measure, suggests vigor, brevity and distinctness.

A short motive, three times imitated, interrupts this melodic web—the last bass-note of the seventh measure (counted back from the end of the 16th page) being at the same time the first note of this motive;—after which the former choral-like strain appears above in the treble, accompanied only by a *staccato* passage for the left hand (2nd measure from end of 16th page); the order is next inverted, the bass assuming the melody, while the treble undertakes the accompanying *staccato* passage (3d measure, 17th page.

The whole of this part is a most interesting episode, showing how a few measures of melody can be made to appear continually new, by the simplest means. It forms an excellent example in the art of counterpoint, the skill required to construct it being hidden in the simplicity, as well as soul and expression, of the phrase.

The latter must leave the field now, since the chief of the subjects announces its re-appearance from the distance. A powerful *Crescendo*, resting on a kind of pedal-bass, and beginning in the depth with an abruptly broken off chord-passage for the right hand, responded to by the left (7th measure, 17th page) fitly heralds the advent of the ruling melody. There is a slight change this time, in as much as the second half of the melody is given to the bass. It does not close so emphatically as formerly, but by a short passage in the treble it connects by means of a semi-close with the second main subject (6th measure, 18th page) now in C major, as noticed before. This, as usual, ends again by preparing the entrance of the chief melody, which appears here for the fourth time, first simple, then varied in its last part (the variation beginning with the 8th measure, 19th page). That lively figure in triplets, so conspicuous in the train of the second main subject, now appears once more, skipping about here and there, rising finally, as it did twice before, up to the highest F, where it dwells for a moment, while the bass makes a modulation to prepare the key of A-flat major. So our skipping motive has to hasten down the scale of this key with the greatest speed possible, and, as if to show its deference to the modulatory power of the bass, remains suspended below, just on that note, which best characterizes the key of A flat (10th measure before the close). A slight allusion to the leading melody in this new key, first in the bass, then in the treble, another rapid passage down the scale of C minor, and the piece is finished.

For overlooking it better, we may divide this movement also into three equal parts and a *coda;* each part as well as the coda being commenced by the leading melody. The first part extends from the beginning to the first *fermata;* the second to the second *fermata;* the third to the last measure on the 18th page, after which the *coda* begins. Modulation:—first part, in C minor and E-flat major; second, in C minor and A-flat major; third, in C minor and C major; *coda* in C minor.

The "Sonata Pathetique" has for fifty years been a favorite with the educated musical world, and will probably continue so for some fifty years more. Its characteristic, striking motives and melodies have induced more than one distinguished musician to attempt arrangements of the work for Orchestra. One of these—by Schindelmeisser, if I mistake not, the composer of the Overture to *Uriel Acosta*—has been performed with great success in some of the leading European cities.

A pupil, who has studied this Sonata properly, it is to be hoped, will not stop here, but desire to rise higher, so as to be enabled to master op. 27, No. 2, in C-sharp-minor, popularly called the "Mooonlight Sonata;" that beautiful tone-ppem, op. 81, in E-flat-major, called "*Les adieux*;" the great Sonatas, op.

53, in C major, and op. 57, in F minor, called *Sonata appassionata*, or, popularly "The Tempest"—the favorite with musicians and perhaps the *non plus ultra*; and so downwards to op. 2, No. 1, upward to op. 106, where both teacher and pupil may have to invoke the aid of Apollo himself to solve the problem for them.

A. Kk.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Criticism of New Musical Works.

BY TIMOTHY TRILL.*

Some of the English Journals are very lavish of their praises of Mr. Costa's new Oratorio "*Naaman*." We ask if it *is* "new?" Perhaps the question itself suggests other inquiries as to what constitutes newness in these, "the latter days" of Art, if not of the world.

Here is a composer who never makes any noise in the world as such until at a mature age, and then, almost his first effort is that kind of composition inwhich the genius of Mendelssohn culminated. Who but Costa could do such a thing with impunity? Who could string together such a quantity of rehashed Italian, Anglican, Gallic and Teutonic platitudes as "*Eli*" consists of, but Costa, the autocrat of operatic conductors, the pet of the cocknies, the wiry, slippery, suave musical eel of the past thirty years in London, and not be cut to pieces by the Chorleys, Glovers, and Davisons of that immaculate city?

The way in which this last-named newspaper Boanerges tries to keep from telling the truth, is funny in the extreme; and, with all his care, his wayward but honest pen now and then slips into something which can almost be believed. Be it remembered that M. Costa has had all kinds of modern—and a good deal of ancient—music pounded into his ears for the greater portion of his life. Add to this the fact that he started as conductor and not as composer, and I ask how it is possible for him to own a single new idea? I shall not say that he does not, but would hazard the opinion that any portion of his music, taken for new, owes its fair reputation as such to the very lucky ignorance of the listener.

Mendelssohn found it of the utmost importance to keep out of the hearing of other people's music, in order to retain his own originality unalloyed as much as possible; and where shall we find more perfect individuality than in him,or Bach? Bach did not even travel much, but kept himself closely locked up from the musical world most of his life. Sterndale Bennett was a sort of poodle dog to Mendelssohn for years, and, being of a delicate and absorbent organization intellectually, what was the consequence? Excepting for the dimness of his inspirations, Bennett's works, in every form, might be taken for Mendelssohn's, diluted.

Now let us figure to ourselves Costa, the elegant, the fashionable, the intriguing *impresario*, soaked in operas for thirty years, and then turning out an "original" oratorio! Why, to begin with, the book of *Naaman* infringes on the patent of "Elijah;" and the whole work might much better have been called "Elisha,"since the turning-point of the story depends upon this prophet's wondrous miracle. By calling it "*Naaman*," certain unpleasant and by no means fragrant ideas are awakened, which surely would have presented themselves in no very favorable light to any but a sham artist. I certainly think that one is hard put to it for a subject for an Oratorio, when it must bring into the foreground a loathsome leper, and contain a song called "Come and on thy bosom press me;"which affectionate appeal is enough to show the sad lack of good taste observable in the authors. True, we sometimes see portraits of tonds and of great fat swine in picture-galleries; but I ask any refined and candid reader, if such subjects can possibly be selected by the proper personators of poetic and artistic ideals?

* And for which the said Timothy is alone responsible.—Ed.

Behold how great the retrogression of England's boasted choral societies, when they who first produced the "Elijah," and who have feasted on Handel, Haydn and Spohr for so long a time, with their high and sublime texts, can now sing the trash of Covent Garden's musical pet, set to such delicate morsels of Scripture as the above! We shall expect soon to have a grand Sacred Opera called "Potiphar's wife," or "Bathsheba," perhaps from Sig. Verdi's spotless Traviata pen! And why not? cry some. "Have not these subjects claimed the pen and brush of other kinds of artists,and is not Art, Art?" *Eh bien!* I must then retire from such a verbal contest, when they are my opponents who dissent from Montesquieu in his beautiful tribute to the purity of Music, above all other arts. But I wander, and must quote a little from Mr. Davison.

He commences by saying that: "A work of such dimensions as *Naaman* must be heard several times before a decided opinion * * * can be fairly pronounced." The Oratorio has been produced but *once*, yet the gentleman coolly proceeds to deliver himself of a very long and exceedingly "decided opinion." He goes on to compare *Naaman* with the "*Elijah*" in the usual modern English fashion, which is to ignore the possibility of any higher criterion than Mendelssohn; hence the charming sameness of style, from Bennett down to Costa (for I must say "down" indeed), which exists in most of the new works "allowed" a hearing in London by the critics of that city for the past seventeen years. In this comparison, however, we are told that the composer of the "Elijah" "almost wholly discarded the strict scholastic forms." Strange news indeed, to the students of Mendelssohn, that composer of all the moderns who most conscientiously clung to form the most "scholastic" even in his merest bagatelles! He says further:

"In *St. Paul*, Mendelssohn, though glowing with creative power, looked back to Handel and to Bach—witness his fugues and his chorales; while in *Elijah* he got rid of Handel altogether, though still adhering to the *chorales* so cherished by the Leipsic *cantor*. The employment of *florid counterpoint* as accompaniment during the procession of strict fugue, as it appears in Mendelssohn's works, may be claimed as Mendelssohn's own invention.

Surely another astounding assertion to the student of Mendelssohn's predecessors! What does Mr. Davison call Handel's *Hallelujah Chorus*, in certain parts, I should like to know; or especially, that splendid master-piece of Chorale, strict fugue, and florid counterpoint combined, in his *Judas Maccabæus*: "*We never will bow down.*" The memory of this renowned feuilletonist has grown rusty, I fear. But here follows a little more conglomerate. My reader will remember that he first credits Mendelssohn with originating what I have shown Handel did before him.

Our critic continues: "Both in *Naaman* and in *Eli* we find endeavors at the Handelian fugue," (rather an equivocal sort of compliment to Costa!) yet, "on the other hand, *he neither imitates Mendelssohn nor any other master!*" My dear, good-natured reader, is not a man who writes such contradictory stuff a phenomenon? Costa makes"endeavors at Handelian fugue," yet he "imitates neither Mendelssohn nor any other master!"

Our critic now jumps suddenly into a comparison of Cherubini and Rossini, as to their profundity in fugue, in which comparison the latter is the sufferer of course, merely because he had not the stupidity to fill his operas with fugues. He says of him, that he was not "a practiced master of the severe canons of art." Gracious! Mr. D., I presume, was not one of the select few invited to hear the private performance of Rossini's late Mass, in which (on the authority of either Scudo or Fiorentino) there were some of the purest possible specimens of fugal writing. It surprises one to find so veteran a critic making such mis-statements, and all unnecessary to the exaltation of his pet Costa!

Then follows a pedantic episode about Cherubin and Mozart resembling each other in the former's Mass in F:—an idea so absurd as to provoke a suspicion of the sobriety of the writer!

After the above, Mr. D. proceeds to talks about his (Mr. Costa's) "individuality!" * * * * "There is not a weak or uncertain point, not an inharmonious combination, not a single doubtful or awkward passage to be detected from beginning to end of *Naaman*. Everywhere the practical musician, conscious of his power, and using it with sobriety, is apparent."

Bless us! how charmingly dull and soporific it must be! Just as if this same praise could not be awarded to a piece of calico! Yet this consistent writer goes on to remark: "An occasional tendency to superfluous use of trombones Mr. Costa shares with the rest of his contemporaries." He then, *en passant*, administers a paternal rebuke for the same "tendency" to Rossini, Auber, Verdi and Meyerbeer. Truly they should combine in returning thanks! After this parenthetical digression, our critic makes another inconsistent remark about Costa being, "like Mercadante, addicted to an excessive employment of prelude and interlude, which is calculated to arrest the dramatic progress, and thereby enfeeble the interest of the hearer." Astonishing, that such fault can be found with a work which just now was not marred "by a single doubtful or awkward passage," and in which it was apparent that the composer used his "conscious power with sobriety!"

I might fill a few more columns with such quotations; but sufficient has been done of it to show what nonsense even the highest critical oracles may and often do write about *new* music. I must be worse than a fool to presume to criticize a work before I have heard it; but even after a hearing, how sadly devoid of good taste must he be who launches out into such senseless rhapsodies as those above quoted?

Nor are we without some such literary stars on this side of the water. At a late concert, in New York, of orchestral and vocal compositions, an opportunity was given for various idea-less and unlearned pens to distinguish themselves.

The presumption and self-confidence of these critics has always been a subject for surprise. Despite the incontrovertible facts, that *Don Giovanni* was a failure for three representations; that very few if any of Beethoven's masterpieces were admired on the first hearing; that so great a master as Beethoven, with all his powers of discernment, seemed rather to underrate, if not wholly to despise, the creations of Von Weber; and that the *Fidelio* has been nearly twenty years in becoming what one of Verdi's is generally in as many days, namely a paying opera; *these* brave judges tell the public, *at once*, all about the proper status of new works, no matter how elaborate or intricate they may be. While there are such critics, and while they are allowed to scribble for newspapers, which in other departments are considered respectable, there can be formed no too extravagant notion of that sublime nonsense to which they give expression.

Thus, regarding the concert in question:—It was said, in one quarter, that a certain duet was "the essence of mental feebleness," when in the finale two melodies were worked up together, *the one forming a triple counterpoint to the other!* Musicians will know whether or not this is a harmonic problem to be solved by the exercise of "mental feebleness" alone, although it may have been bad enough otherwise!

Another critic, speaking of instrumentation, remarked, that by using certain kinds of tonal color, certain dissonances were "left unresolved," thus mixing up the two questions of color and construction, pretty much as if I should say that because a painter only used crayons instead of oil-colors, therefore his portraits always had pug noses!

The richest "attempt at failure" in criticism, called forth by this concert, was that of the gentleman who

objected to what he called "*staccato* clarinet passages" in a certain orchestral work, which passages *did not happen to exist* at all!

One also remarked that it was injudicious to have pianos at an orchestral concert, because they "lost by comparison with the orchestra."

Thus it is that Music entraps all would-be critics in her wily meshes. Music, the ever subtle, intangible, deceptive charmer! In no art is deception more easy; in none is it less likely to be detected. The ear is believed to be the least generally educated of all organs of sense; and yet these critical dignitaries persist in ignoring these facts, to the disgust of some, the wonderment of others, and the infinite amusement of the criticized. If these last can only command enough good nature to keep their tempers, and view such common monstrosities from a ludicrous standpoint alone, they have an excellent opportunity of practicing equanimity under difficulties, and of showing the advantage of artistic philosophy by future efforts, such as must eventually convince even the sceptical critics that they are in earnest.

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, Nov. 28.—The interest of the opera-loving portion of our community now centres on the long-expected "Don Sebastian," which has at last been produced in the most magnificent and gorgeous style, with a liberality quite unusual in opera managers, but a most pleasing and meritorious characteristic of MAX MARETZEK. To assume the sure success of a new and unknown opera, or even of one that has met with great success abroad, and to prepare for its production, with costly scenery and dresses, at a large outlay of means, requires the nerve of such a man as Max Maretzek, and it is to be hoped that his judgment in the present instance may receive such hearty approval and support, that his treasury may not be empty, and that the substantial appreciation of such labor and pains may lead him again into the field of novelties, to bring back to us such as may be both for his and our enjoyment and improvement.

"Don Sebastian" was presented for the first time on Friday evening last, after devoting the whole of Thanksgiving day to a full rehearsal. The Academy was thronged, and "standing room only" was early seen on the walls of the lobby. Seats for this and tomorrow evening had also been secured to nearly the full capacity of the house. The time for commencing was made half an hour earlier, on account of the length of the performance, and it was eleven and a half o'clock before the curtain fell upon the closing scene.

To attempt a detailed account of the music of the opera, would be very unsatisfactory, and occupy too much space. To be appreciated it must be heard and studied. As yet, no definite criticism of the press has been published, although many columns have been devoted to the matter, headed with "Don Sebastian" and "Donizetti," and "Maretzek," in the linked hand style. In description, the press has been more than usually generous, and has given the opera a large amount of valuable space. "Don Sebastian" is one of the latest and best works of Donizetti, although it is nearly a score of years since it was written. The libretto is by Scribe, and is founded upon the incidents in the life of the unfortunate King of Portugal, the grandson of Charles the Fifth.

A glance at the *argument* will suffice to show how admirably adapted it is to the requirements of the composer. As a spectacular work, it abounds in scenic display and picturesque tableaux. Don Sebastian, the King, (Sig. MASSIMILIANI), is about starting on his expedition against the Mahommedans to "carry war into Africa," and upon his leaving the shore in a gaily decorated barge, listens to the prophetic utterances of the poet Camoens, (Signor BELLINI), who, while portraying the scenes in the expedition, also solicits the pardon of Zaida, an African maiden captured in Tunis, (CAROZZI-ZUCCHI). The departure of the ship is a scene of lively interest, aided as it is by the salute of *real* cannon (!) and the martial strains of a brass band. The King is defeated and wounded, and Enrico, his Lieutenant, represents himself to Abaialdo, an Arab chief, as the king, and is deprived of his sword and slain. Sebastian escapes with his life, and returns to Portugal, to find another king raised to the throne, and a funeral procession moving along with coffin, horse and greyhound, and the royal banner draped in mourning, for his own reported death. This *cortége* is one of the finest scenes in the opera. It is moonlight, and the immense throng of people on the stage, some three hundred, in the costume of knights, ladies of the court, soldiers, priests, and mourners, bearing torches and banners, all robed in black, moving to the solemn measure of a band, together with the gorgeous catafalque, combine to make this act truly impressive. Its interest is so great as to prevent at first an impartial criticism of the music of the act.

The King proclaims himself to his people, but at the instigation of Giovanni di Silva, the Grand Inquisitor, he is arrested as an impostor, and brough before the Inquisition, when he is tried and immured in a tower, and, together with Zaida, who has endeavored to influence the Inquisitor in his behalf, condemned to death. In this unpleasant predicament, Camoens endeavors to release them from prison, in which he partially succeeds; but, as they are about descending from the tower windows, the guards fire upon them, and they fall into the sea.

The departure from Lisbon, the battle-field of Selim Kebir, and the Tower, are the finest pieces of scenery that have ever been placed on the Academy stage.

The music of the opera cannot be fairly reviewed upon only one hearing, but it has much in it that will be sung and played at every concert and by every band. [A very left-handed compliment!—ED.] The novelty of the scenery attracts and charms the eye, to the great disadvantage of the ear, and it must be heard more than once.

The antiquated, old fogyish New York Philharmonic Society, long since distanced by the Brooklyn society in the matter of novelty, variety and general excellence, will soon have another formidable, and I trust, successful rival in a series of "Symphonie Soirées," under the vigorous management and leadership of THEO. THOMAS, whose efforts in the cause of classical music have been so widely appreciated. The programme I annex its merit cannot fail to secure a very substantial support. The subscriptions already paid in; ensure its financial success, and there can be no doubt as to its being a most profitable and enjoyable enterprise. The first soirée will take place on the 3d of December at Irving Hall, when Beethoven's Symphony in F major, op. 93, Lachner's "Suite" in D minor, and the second part af Berlioz's "Romeo and Juliet" will be performed, together with vocal and violin solos.

At the second concert, Bach's Toccata (F) will be produced as scored for the orchestra by Esser of Vienna.

At the third concert a symphony *"An das Vaterland,"* by Joachim Raff, the one which received the prize at the competition of composers in Vienna, will be performed, together with the Overture, *"Abenceragen,"* by Cherubini, and Spohr's "Jessonda."

The fourth and fifth concert, as will be seen by the programme, will be of great interest, including Schumann's "Bride of Messina." The orchestra will consist of sixty of the best musicians in the city, and a number of vocal and instrumental soloists have been engaged. The following is the programme of the series.

1. Symphonie-Soirée—3d December.
1. Symphony (F major, op. 93, No 8).....Beethoven.
2. Song.....
3. Solo, Violin,.....
4. Suite (D minor, op. 113).....Fr. Lachner.
5. Song.....
6. Second Part from the Dramatic Symphony "Romeo and Juliet," op. 17.....Berlioz.

2. Symphonie-Soirée—7th January.
1. Symphony (C major, op. 61, No. 2).....Schumann.
2. Song.....
3. Concerto for Piano (E flat, op. 73).....Beethoven.
4. Toccata, (F),.....J. S. Bach.
5. Song.....
6. Solo, Piano.....
7. Overture, Euryanthe.....Weber.

3. Symphonie-Soirée—18th February.
1. Overture (Abenceragen),.....Cherubini.
2. Song.....
3. Symphony, An das Vaterland.....Joachim Raff.
4. Concerto Concertante for Piano, Violin and Violoncello, with Orchestra, (C major, op. 65),.....Beethoven.
5. Song.....
6. Overture, Jessonda.....Spohr.

4 Symphonie-Soirée—18th March.
1. Symphony (D Major).....Mozart.
2. Song.....
3. Concerto, for Violoncello.....Ritter.
4. Song.....
5. Overture (Coriolan).....Beethoven
5. Symphony (E flat, Op. 97, No. 3).....Schumann.

5. Symphonie-Soirée—8th April.
1. Symphony.....Haydn.
2. Song.....
3. Symphony Concertante for Violin and Viola, with Orchestra.....Mozart.
4. Song .....
5. Overture—Bride of Messina (op. 100).....Schumann.
6. Symphony (A Major, No. 7).....Beethoven.

The second concert of the Philharmonic takes place on the 17th of December, at which time will be performed the following: Mendelssohn's "Scotch" Symphony, in A minor, No. 3; Berlioz's overture "King Lear;" Overture to Mozart's *Zauberflöte*, and choruses of Schubert and Mendelssohn, by the German Liederkranz. The concert will be under the direction of THEO. EISFELD.

The first soirée of the eleventh season of the "New York Mendelssohn Union" will take place this evening, at the Chapel of the 4th Avenue Church. The programme includes Mendelssohn's "Lobgesang" (Hymn of Praise), and Sterndale Bennett's "May Queen." Mr. WM. BERGE, the accomplished organist and composer, will be the conductor on the occasion.

The miscellaneous concerts at Niblo's Garden, and at the Everett Rooms, a new concert hall of moderate capacity, recently finished up town—have given but little subject for notice, save in the very successful performance on the piano, of Mr. Frank Gilder, a rising young artist of our city. As a teacher of boy choirs, Mr. Gilder is well known among the organists of our city churches, and his system I will endeavor to enlarge upon at some future day. His appearance in the concert room as a pianist has won for him additional commendation.

Numerous concert companies are organized for the winter campaign, and these in connection with the promenade concerts of the different brass bands of the city regiments, which are by no means ordinary, will serve to make the winter a very musical one.

The complimentary concert to be given for the benefit of Mr. Frederick Mollenhauer, the blind violinist and composer, is deserving of mention. It is given under the auspices of Anschütz, Carl Formes, S. B. Mills, C. Bergmann, and a host of others, and will, I trust, prove a most successful effort for the unfortunate *beneficiary*.

The inauguration of the Chancel organ recently completed, at Trinity Church, will take place next month, and will attract the notice of all who are interested in the progress of rich Cathedral music, sung by boys, such as those under the experienced tuition of Dr. Cutler, the choir-master of Trinity.

T. W. M.

CHICAGO, DEC. 2.—This city has become quite a centre of musical talent. The name of BALATKA alone is enough to render it famous. In addition to him, we have Lewis and Le Clerque, Staab, Ziegfeldt, Baumbach, and many others of equal merit. Chicago also boasts three large musical Societies:—the "Philharmonic" (orchestral), the "Musical Union," and the "Mendelssohn."

The Philharmonic has just commenced its sixth season of concerts. The second one took place on

Tuesday evening. These concerts, which occur once a month, are the great centre of the musical and fashionable circles of Chicago. The former go to hear a high class of music rendered in an artistic manner; and the latter, to see and be seen. The following was the Programme: Symphony in C minor, by Niels Gade; Overture to "Preciosa," by Weber; Fantasie for Trombone, composed by Balatka; Festival March, by Lortzing; Aria from *Linda*, by Donizetti; ballad, "Good night," by Balfe, sung by Miss Hattie Brown Miller, the excellent soprano of Trinity Church, of this city. The orchestra was a fine one, composed of fifty performers.

A few weeks ago the Musical Union brought out a German Opera, translated into English by Hans Balatka, the "*Czaar und Zimmermann*," by Albert Lortzing. The performers were all "home talent," and it was produced in a style worthy of Maretzek or Leonard Grover.

The new Opera House, which promises to be the finest of its kind in the United States, fast approaches completion. It will probably be finished about the first of April, when it is to be dedicated by a grand season of Opera, with artists procured expressly for the purpose in Europe. More in regard to it another time.

CHICAGO.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, DEC. 10, 1864.

Otto Dresel's Concerts.

The first of the series of five concerts, announced by Mr. DRESEL, took place at Chickering's Rooms, on Saturday evening, Nov. 26. The hall was full, the choicest music, with such guaranty of fine interpretation, commanding for a certainty the choicest audience;—"fit audience, though few,"—and yet not few for a feast so fine. The appetite was sharpened, too, by the artist's long refusal of himself to public hearing; and expectation heightened by reports of his earnest summer studies on the very matter of these concerts; his searching over all the good fields of pianoforte music, which might yield something fresh and valuable; his labors in digesting and arranging from the scores of larger works, concertos, &c., to make them available without an orchestra, and yet without essential loss; and of the intense and critical practice of a pianist to whom it is easier to please everybody than to satisfy himself. The result appears in most unique and admirable programmes. Such selections are presented by no other concert-giver; it implies not only the uncompromising taste, the sympathy with genius, and the willing, practised art and power to interpret, but shows such extensive musical reading as probably no other pianist in this country has. Every genial writer for the instrument, from Bach to Schumann, Liszt, and Hiller, must yield hidden treasures out of stores so seldom even half explored. But a short series of concerts can exhibit only a small part of the fruits of these researches; and some limitation is therefore necessary to a certain type or style of programme, from which indeed great things might be missed, were not all that enters into their composition so choice, and the unity of each fresh bouquet so charming. If we were to suggest any modification of the plan, it would be to ask (most of the audience adding their voices, we have not a doubt) that Sonatas should not be excluded; what so edifying always, and to the greatest number of such listeners as Mr. Dresel plays to, as the Sonatas of Beethoven? Or, if we must have something still more untried and out of the common course, there are the wonderful Sonatas of Franz Schubert, which, if faulty in some points of form, teem with most precious inspirations of genius. But we will not quarrel with what we get; it is so clear a gain, that the other things may well wait for their season to come round again.—Here is the first programme:

1. Concerto for three pianos, (C major,) (Accompaniments arranged for a Fourth).....J. S. Bach
   Allegro—Adagio—Finale.
2. Crakowiak, Rondo, Op 14.....Chopin
   (Orchestral parts arranged for a Second Piano.)
3. Weber's slumber Song, transcribed by.....Liszt
4. Songs by.....Robert Franz
   "Hör ich das Vöglein singen," (Op. 34.)
   "Im Wald. im Wald," (Op. 14.)
5. Three Piano Pieces by.....Robert Schumann
   a. Intermezzo (op. 26).—*b.* Adagio (from Carneval, op. 9)—*c.* Finale from Kreisleriana. (op. 16).
6. Valse-Caprice after Waltzes by Schubert. E major. Liszt
7. Adagio and Finale from 2d Concerto, F minor..Chopin
   (Orchestral parts arranged for a Second Piano.)

Old Bach heads the list, as he is likely to do in each of the five concerts. Mr. Dresel, in this, is undertaking for us the same good service that Mendelssohn did for Germany; he means to put to flight, if possible, the *Bach bugbear*, by practically showing that Bach's music can be entertaining and delightful, as well as learned and profound. The piano compositions of the great master afford ample material for this, utterly different as they are from any of the modern piano music. Should these succeed in dissipating the bugbear, and actually prove enjoyable to a whole room full of people, then it may be hoped that soon a beginning will be made of some acquaintance with his vocal works, when all who have any piety or music in their souls will be astonished at the revelation of such depth and tenderness of feeling, such unsurpassed richness, truth and beauty of expression, and own that religious music, as such, whether Catholic or Protestant, has reached its highest, purest utterance in Sebastian Bach. The Great Organ is already doing its part—or a part of its part—to prepare the way; but these piano (or *clavier*) compositions are perhaps the readiest entering wedge into the tough knot of anti-fugue and anti-scientific prejudice, since, instead of trying to cleave it by main force, they will gently, unawares, loosen its grasp by showing the old master under a *pleasing* aspect,

> Untwisting all the chains that tie
> The hidden soul of harmony.

The experiment, this first time, was signally successful. We verily believe that no piece on the programme was enjoyed so much, on the whole, and by the largest number, as the triple Concerto in C major. The charm, to be sure, was partly that of admirable rendering. The three pianos (Chickering Grands), which share equally the exposition of the themes, were played with perfect clearness, evenness and nicety of expression, and with that absence of all exaggerations of effect, which Bach's music requires, by Messrs. HUGO LEONHARD, B. J. LANG, and J. C. D. PARKER; while the original accompaniments for the quartet of strings were consolidated by Mr. Dresel upon a fourth piano. Mechanically, it all moved like clockwork, wheel within wheel, quietly and beautifully. And such satisfying, rich, fresh, wholesomely stimulating sonority; such full, clear, sweet, delicious euphony! The sound was all-pervading; it seemed to come in all round us and behind us like water, welling up from exhaustless springs of sweet and wholesome harmony. The first Allegro is remarkable for the exceeding simplicity of its theme, and for the wondrous art with which it is made interesting throughout such long and complex development; its re-appearance now in this and now in that part of the harmony, now in one and now in another piano, being always perfectly natural, so much so that for most hearers the art was hidden in the charm. The expression is simply happy, healthy, sunshiny, full of joy in even-tempered life and solid work. The Adagio touches a deeper chord. That solemn minor phrase in the bass and tenor, which ever slowly climbs and falls, so boldly pronounced through the whole, is most impressive, and haunts you afterwards as it haunts the music. The Finale is a little more formal and less interesting than the other movements. We do not often hear of four pianos working together to so good a purpose.

Next to this in interest,—equal perhaps, only in another way—was what was played from Chopin's F-minor Concerto. Pity only that the great length excluded the first movement! The Adagio is a marvellous creation. After a few delicately suggestive orchestral phrases (played, like all the accompaniments, on a second piano by Mr. Leonhard), it sets forth on a bold, soaring eloquent career of melody, gathering up flowers and pearls and rainbows by the way, the main thought never lost or weakened by the exuberance of flowery fancy; and then it grows dramatic, with long and still flowery sentences of most original impassioned recitative, which, having wreaked itself upon expression to the full, subsides into the continuous melody again. We never heard piano-forte more eloquent than under the hands of Mr. Dresel in this piece. The *Allegro vivace*, brilliant, piquant, graceful, long sustained, and very difficult, was also executed to a charm. We could have wished the orchestra for the sake of the inviting little horn figure; but the second piano, so well had Dresel arranged and so well did Leonhard play, furnished a perceptibly true background.—The other Chopin piece, the Rondo, whose odd name we take to be tantamount to *Cracovienne*, is exceedingly quaint, bright and imaginative, though dealing throughout with a dance form and variations. It leaps and scintillates with life, dainty, yet strong, and represents a mood so individual, with such felicity of utterance, that we shall be glad to hear it again. It realizes Liszt's descriptions of those Polish dances. There's a poetic flash to this dance, like wings of swallows circling in the sun.

There is no need to tell how exquisitely Mr. Dresel plays the Lisztian version of Weber's "Slumber Song." The triad of smaller pieces from Schumann's earlier piano works, written when he was raising his young David standard to do battle against musical old-fogyism and *Philisterei*, and wooing Clara Wieck, were less familiar; to some, perhaps, a little strange aud puzzling. The *Adagio*, at least, was lovely and entirely clear. The *Intermezzo*, fiery, rapid, unrelenting, with its spasmodic, still reiterated figure, breaks out like a sort of long pent up divine rage, and storms itself away before the wondering listener. Fully as the master had it in his fingers, its intensity perhaps told more than its beauty to many of the audience. The third piece, from those moody fancies which Schumann has named after Hoffmann's "Kapellmeister Kreisler's Suf-

ferings," is full of interesting matter, and would be better appreciated on a second hearing. Liszt has woven a number of the charming little waltzes, which Schubert flung off without stint so easily, into a very pretty chaplet, adding gay ribbands to the gathered fresh leaves.—In all these pieces, we may say, that Mr. Dresel never played with surer, fleeter finger, with finer accent, more consummate taste and mastery inspired with truest musical feeling, nor with such calm superiority to his own nervous temperament, which he thus turned to exquisite advantage, as in this return to concert giving.

As for the singing, it was an act of pure loyalty and kindness in Mr. KREISSMAN to appear at all. He was suffering with a physical trouble too near the vocal organs, and the only wonder was that he sang the two Franz songs so well. He did it rather than disappoint the expectation of song entirely; and he was ready to sing other things, in case he found himself in fit condition.

SECOND CONCERT, Saturday, Dec. 3. Some expressed disappointment that there were so many *little* pieces in the first programme. This time there was unmixed satisfaction.

1. Concerto for three Pianos, in D minor.....J. S. Bach
   [Accompaniments arranged for a fourth].
2. Gawotte from Orchestra Suite, and Pastoral Symphony from the Christmas Oratorio, arranged for Two Pianos. Bach
3. Serenade, and allegro Giojoso.....Mendelssohn
   [Orchestral accompaniment for a Second Piano].
4. Serenade, from Don Giovanni.....Mozart
5. Three Piano Solos:
   a. "Novellette,"..... Rob. Schumann
   [E major
   b, Notturne..... .....Chopin
   [B major, op. 9.]
   c. Valse Caprice after Waltzes by Fr. Schubert.
   [A minor.] Liszt
6. Three Mazourkas.....Chopin
   E minor, op. 41; E major op. 6; and C sharp minor, op. 41.
7. Two Songs.....Rob. Franz
8. Adagio and Rondo from first Concerto.....Chopin

This time Bach advanced still further into the affections of the audience, and still further into the middle of the programme. The *Gavotte*, arranged by Mr. D. from an orchestral *Suite de pièces*, has an irresistibly quaint, lifesome charm; it was as fresh as if composed to-day; something triumphantly, playfully good and right about it; not a learned manufacture merely, but a bright poetic God-send. The Pastoral Symphony from the *Weihnachts Cantata*, did it not remind you of Handel's? But it is even lovelier, and has more in it. The triple Concerto in D minor (Bach wrote but two of them, though several for two pianos, and for one, and one for even four, all with stringed quartet accompaniment) is the more important of the two, richer in ideas and feeling, equally perfect in art. It is more often played abroad. Mendelssohn played it in the Leipzig concerts with Moscheles and Clara Schumann; also in London, with Thalberg and Moscheles, where Mendelssohn outshone them both when it came his turn to extemporize a cadenza at a given point in one of its three movements. *Our* artists (Messrs. LANG, LEONHARD and PARKER) attempted no such flights, but kept to the written text, Mr. DRESEL again playing the string parts on a fourth piano. We shall not soon forget the time when Mr. Dresel introduced it here before, nearly twelve years ago, in the first concerts that he gave in Boston. Then the three pianos were played by Jaell, Scharfenberg (of New York), and Dresel, and with the string quartet *in kind* (Schultze, Meisel, Meyer and Bergmann). It has been played in Boston twice since, we believe; but never so effectively, and with such appreciative audience, as this time. We have no room for what we have to say about it now, but shall return to it. It was a complete success.

Mendelssohn's *Serenade and Allegro Giojoso* has never been played here before. Next to the two Concertos, it is the largest, the fullest of matter, the most interesting, and by all odds the most difficult of all his piano compositions. It was a consummate feat of execution on the part of Mr. Dresel. Mr. Kreissmann being still disabled, the *Don Juan* serenade was very kindly sung and very acceptably, by an amateur, a pupil of Mr. Dresel, whose capital arrangment of the *staccato* accompaniment for two pianos was anything but labor wasted; we would that Mr. Dresel's spirit might enter into all the pianists who sit down to accompany singers in our concerts.

Now for the "llttle" pieces,—yet not so very little. The *Novelette*, by Schumann, is one of his most fine and fascinating little poems; the B major *Nocturne* of Chopin, one of the most bewitching of the lovely tribe; and could either of them have been played more perfectly? Another Liszt-ian wreath of Schubert waltzes, and more interesting than the other. We had grown almost cloyed and wearied with Chopin's Mazourkas (such moods will come upon one even with regard to some of the best things); but these three sprang up into new, fresh bloom before us, under the artist's magic touch.

For a finale the Adagio (rapturous love dream of a poet's heart), and the delightful playful Rondo, from Chopin's E-minor Concerto, with orchestral parts on a second piano by Mr. Leonhard. This was always one of Mr. Dresel's favorite pieces, and one of his most perfect renderings. To many of us it recalled many a sweet hour and company, to hear it.

Obituary.

GEORGE SANGLIER died in this city, November 28, 1864, aged 28 years. He was born in Durham, in England. Developing at an early age a great fondness for music, he became one of the choir boys in the Cathedral of that place. In this position he was found fourteen years ago by one of our most distinguished native musicians, who, attracted by his beauty of person and disposition, and his charming voice, took him under his protection. Since then he has been to this gentleman as an adopted son. During the greater portion of the time, he has been his constant companion in his sojournings in different parts of Europe and this country, coöperating in his various musical enterprises, singing in the choirs under his direction, assisting in the compilation of the works which he has edited, and adding his own exquisite taste and talent to those of his patron in all his labors. For several years he has resided in this city, where he has been well known to all lovers of music, and has won the regard and affection of a large circle of acquaintances.

Mr. Sanglier has been for some months suffering from heart-complaint, and his sensitive constitution, enfeebled by disease, was recently still more broken, by distress at the death of an old and dear friend, closely followed by that of a beloved sister. While in this state, he was a few days since attacked by three ruffians in soldiers' dress, whose drunken brawling he had attempted to pacify, and, though defending himself manfully for a time, was overpowered by numbers and fearfully beaten. By this injury, his nervous system was finally shattered, and he was thrown into violent delirious fever. After the lapse of four days, his fever abated to such an extent, that his adopted father, who had nursed him tenderly by day and night, left him late in the evening in charge of the physicians at the hospital, and went home for a few hours' rest, confident that he should find him convalescent in the morning. Another paroxysm of delirium shortly ensued, which however soon passed away, leaving him calm and tranquil as before. At midnight he started up with a groan, pressing his hand to his heart, and then sank back and died as quietly as a child falls asleep.

It appeared upon examination that he could have lived at most only a few months longer; but the disease of the heart which caused his death, was undoubtedly more speedily brought to its fatal result by the injury which he received.

So has passed away George Sanglier, perhaps in good time for himself, for his sensitive temperament and facile disposition were hardly fit to withstand the shocks and temptations of the world. But the void he has left in the life of those who have known his noble qualities of mind and heart, have felt the kindly warmth of his nature, loving and tender as a woman's, and have appreciated the delicate refinement of his character, will not easily be filled.

As these friends gathered to see him laid beneath the church where his voice had so often been heard, there were tears in the eyes of the listeners, and in the voices of the choristers, while they sang, to his loved patron's exquisite music, of those tears which God shall wipe away from all eyes, and of his sun which shall no more go down.

GOUNOD'S "FAUST." Messrs. Ditson & Co. have added to their long list of beautiful editions of Standard Operas, this last favorite, complete, and in their best style. The music is in large, clear and attractive type; the piano part enriched by indications of the orchestral instrumentation. The words are given in Italian and English, the latter being Mr. Chorley's translation, with the exception of those fitted to the principal songs, which were translated, with fidelity and taste, from the original French text by Mr. J. C. Johnson.

Here now is a capital chance for the admirers of "Faust" to revive its fascinations as often as they wish, and for others to satisfy themselves at leisure whether it is indeed a work of genius or not.

This vocal score is soon to be followed by a Pianoforte Arrangement of the opera, which will also be useful.

PROSPECTS. Mr. ZERRAHN'S subscription lists for three Orchestral Concerts, Sunday evenings, at the Melodeon, will be out to-day.—The MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB have *not* abandoned the field, we are glad to say, but will resume their Chamber Concerts on the 20th, playing Beethoven's great B-flat Quartet (posthumous) among other good things.

HANDEL AND HAYDN. The oratorio "Eli" drew a moderate audience, and so much of it as we witnessed (for "Eli" has no charm for us so potent as Mr. Emerson's lectures) was well performed. The chorus force was large and well drilled; Mrs. CARY sang the part of Samuel with touching simplicity and truth of feeling, as well as rich contralto voice; Miss HOUSTON was earnest and brilliant; and Mr. WHEELER and Mr. RUDOLPHSEN, the former especially, did themselves much credit. We do not think quite so badly of Costa's work as "Timothy" upon another page; and we do think that a well-conceived, musician-like work, not strikingly "new," is often worth more than such bold, vague aspirations after novelty as set up claims to our attention in these days. Still we agree, that "Eli" is neither a very original nor a great work, and wish the H. & H. Society would spend the same amount of time on matter of more moment.

FOR READERS OF GERMAN. Messrs. De Vries and Ibarra, in the Albion building, are issuing a series of charming little German books, in a most tasteful style of print, chiefly for the use of young ladies who have German lessons, but attractive to all friends of German literature. Among them is "*Prinzessin Ilse*," an exquisite *Märchen* of the Harz mountains; "*Was sich der Wald erzählt*, by Putlitz; and now a couple of Art Essays, on the "Venus of Milo," and on "Rafael and Michael Angelo," by HERMANN GRIMM, the author of the "Life of Michael Angelo," and son of one of the famous brothers Grimm. He is a devout Art student, a man of fresh, vigorous high thought, greatly in sympathy with our Emerson, to whom these "Zwei Essays" are dedicated.—These little books are cheap, as well as models of artistic print.

CROWDED OUT.—A string of notices of smaller concerts, &c., already in type.

Fine Arts.

Two old landscapes are particularly charming and instructive, for they exhibit what our lanscape painters lack, for the most part, altogether, poetry of feeling and imagination. One by Cole, with a fine sentiment for the grand and distant and ærial, in nature; a rare ripeness and mellowness of tone and color pervading the wide air and tender sky. Incorrect, it is yet deeply poetical, steeped in, and inspired by, the feeling, as is the grand picture of the Shepherds by the same great artist on the Athenæum staircase. The man was a real and great poet in art and has not left his successor. This scene well befits the most tragic and fascinating of Cooper's stories, the Last of the Mohicans; which is in literature precisely what this is in art, an extravaganza, yet a poetic and beautiful work.

The other lanscape ascribed to Zucharelli, full of poetic significance and a sweet serenity of feeling, so clear, calm, cool, suggestive of an ideal world. It is an abstraction of the poetic elements in nature, and a composing therewith, out of the mind and fancy and feeling, a thing, to be sure, which has no foundation in real life, but which is neverthcless delightful and beautiful.

More real than living things
Nursling of immortality.

There is a kernel of truth, and genius and beauty, somewhere in the old masters, even the lanscapists, which preserves them. An appeal to one's sentiment, one's aspiration, one's longing. Let our men paint with as much poetry and they will delight the time to come. It is a dealing with the world after the poet's own heart. No literal, dry transcript of reality, which, unless it is inspired, impregnated, transmuted with, the artist's feeling, his soul, and imagination, is ever a *caput mortuum*

It is true there is little study of nature, no knowledge of rock form; g eology, stratification, granulation; substance, texture or color. Exactness is not studied; the beauty of detail not apprehended or felt, nor the geology known; but there is a charm of sentiment and feeling—true, poetic, deep, refined,—there is romance, tone, harmony which comes from the taste, heart, soul; and with which nature, in her loveliness and her perfection, has inspired them; which has entered into their natures, and dwelt there, and is expressed with the added beauty of the spirit which preserves and will continue to do so against all the assaults of modern criticism, its barren knowledge and empty soul.

Imagination redeems a carnal, sensual, material world. It is the heart of humanity, the kernal of hope, the soul of faith, the looking for things to come—This explains the long livedness of the old masters, (poetic name) and their hold upon men's feelings. They touch the heart, and are seated in the warm imagination like a friend. Guests at the hearth, and dear and loved companions for every vacant, casual hour, when they awaken us to new and unexpected beauty. For art like nature and poetry, has many meanings:

A thing of beauty is a joy forever,
It's lovelincss increases,

"All high poetry is infinite. It is the first acorn which contained all oaks potentially. Veil after veil may be withdrawn and the inmost naked beauty of the meaning never exposed. * * * *

The source of an unforeseen and inconceived delight."

It is vain to suppose they will ever be obsolete. Any work which has passed the ordeal of successive centuries, and survives to our time, contains within itself the principles of its own immortality. Two centuries are as good as an eternity. Such works are sure to have something precious in them, and to be possessed of genius, which we must labor to find out; and not falsly believing we know more than they, insult their aged fame with doubt and ignorance. You cannot unseat the old deities, or reverse the verdict of posterity. Logic will not do it. The Greek deities will live as long as the world, alive in the imagination, if dead in the faith. Feeling is finer than thought, truer and keener than knowledge, else had our beliefs long ago vanished, and our faiths dwindled to naught.

The little unfinished picture by Greuse; whether by that master or not, is an exqusite piece of painting, for richness and freshness, and sentiment—very instructive to every artist. The drapery has the character of Greuse, and we cannot judge what it might be had the artist finished it. Perhaps the ivory, enamelled finish, like porcelain, of the picture in the next room, belonging to the Athenæum, would have been given to this. We think it is more beautiful as it is; for exquisite as is the beauty, truth of tint, in that picture, and perfect the silver harmony, yet it is not nature; it does not give the feeling of flesh as this does. Appropriate, if any where, to the subject of a young girl, who in her freshness and perfection, is like a bit of the enamel of nature, it is still hard, and does not please us as this unfinished work, which has more of the true texture, and richuess of nature and life. It is like much of the exquisite works of Carlo Dolci, particularly the St. Cecilia at the Manfrini at Venice and the Dresden Gallery; the perfection of prettiness and doll-like beauty in the painting, but a false porcelain style to be done on canvass. But what can exceed the tremulous, budding freshness of the youthful girl, flushed with a breathing beauty; the melting tenderness of youthful feature; sensitive, exquisite form and color; a deliciousness of beauty which makes us think of the old poet:

There is a garden in her face
Where roses and white lilies blow,
A heavenly paradise is that place,
Wherein all pleasant fruits do grow;
There cherries grow that none may buy,
Till Cherry-Ripe themselves do cry.

The picture 443, by Sassoferralto, wrongly put down to Lo Spagno, is a very beautiful and genuine specimen of this peculiar and refined old master. The harmony of it, in this key of white color, relieved by blue, is very perfect, and the hand a wonderful piece of painting. Never was the softness, and roundness, and exquisite beauty of the female hand better given. The delicacy and refinement of it, as to color and feeling, harmonise with the purity of the face. One would make it his fetisch, kneel down to it, worship it, as a savage his idol; for beauty on the sensitive and artistic nature, takes almost the hold of worship. Poets and artists are pagans all, from Schiller to Wordsworth; both lamenting the decay of the antique, which Keats recreated, with refreshed and added glory.

"The intelligible forms of ancient poets,
The fair humanities of old religions."

The peasant girl, 357, by Dana is one of this very artistic artist's best things. Painted in a very free manner, and far removed from hardness or dryness, we have all we need in art; or, at least, the best thing it can give us, the sentiment and feeling of things; not the dull, dreary reality, the poor approximation to the fact, without fancy or feeling, inferior artists give. The French style of Mr. Dana is steeped in sentiment, which is the characteristic of that school, a little *too facile*,—fatal facility and *chic* sometimes. It neglects form and line and figure, which were the aim of the old Italian schools—the classical style—for the romantic method,—a thing essentially modern, gothic, reformatory, and which began about the time of Watteau in art, who was followed by Gainsborough and Constable. These men broke up the old schools and introduced the modern feeling.

This picture has great beauty of color, and the face and posture a winning charm. Mr. Dana has great facility, and a wide range, and will do much good, we think, in this country, where although we are not ready to acknowledge it, art is yet in its very infancy.

How delightful is old Vandervelde! He delights in lagunes, which are among the most poetical things in nature, shadowy with clouds, picturesque with craft, burnished with sunsets; gleaming in long, lustrous, lazy lines of silvery light and calm, placid as an infant in its sleep, smiling all the day ineffably; as one sees them in Holland, or in the watery enchantment of Venice, where the Alps sun themselves in the sea, reflecting old watch towers and the harbor piles.

"In likeness of a peak of clumped isles"
* * * * * * *
"Where from their many isles in evening's gleam,
It's towers and it's palaces did seem
Like fabrics of enchantment piled to Heaven."

S.

Special Notices.

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An English ballad, very simple and pretty. Jessy is the May Queen in the first verse, is loved and deserted in the second, and, of course, rests in the village church yard in the third verse.

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Contains the favorite melodies of the "Masked Ball." A very expressive piece. The practise of good duets, by learners, cannot be too highly recommended.

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Of medium difficulty, and quite light and graceful in character, although showing considerable of that power which is characteristic of "Seven Octaves," compositions.

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Very powerful, grand and impressive. It is somewhat difficult to perform, but well worth the time taken in learning it.

Pensive Polka Mazourka. *Seven Octaves.* 30

A good piece by the same author as the others.

Books.

ORGAN GEMS.—A collection of Offertoires, Elevations, Communions, Preludes, Fugues, &c. By Andre, Batiste, Brosig, Hesse, Freyer, and others. Arranged and edited by *Frederick S. Davenport.* Cloth, $3.00; Boards, $2.50

It is getting to be a necessity with organists to have a library of compositions for the instrument. Many to be sure, have great power of extemporisation, but the greatest inventor cannot invent always; and it is quite a relief to have a book of good music to fall back upon, for part or the whole of a voluntary. There is also an evident use and satisfaction in practising the works of the most skilful performers in the world.

The "gems" of the present work are carefully selected. Batiste is organist of the great organ in the church of St. Eustache, in Paris. Hesse, recently deceased, was considered, next to Schneider, to be the best organist in the world.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at double these rates.